

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

When the leaves and trees are all stilled,
The little ones gather around me,
The birds sing, the glee-hens sing,
The sun sets in the tender sunset,
My sons in the tender sunset,
The world is still, and the love on my face,
And when they are gone, I sit drearly,
My only child, too heavy to last,
Or when the world is still, and the love on my face,
When the world and its wickidness made me
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of wisdom within me,
My heart is as weak as a woman's,
When I think of the path steep and stony,
When the host of the stars enter'd me,
Or when the tempest of Fan blowing with
Of those that rest on earth so holy,
The world is still, and the love on my face,
They are like a host of angels in their robes;
They are angels of God in their robes;
They sing all sleep in their robes,
O their songs from home and from heaven,
They have made me more and more mild;
The Kingdom of God is to them like

I work for it this dear year,
All radiant, as others have done,
But the world is still, and the love on my face.

To sweep the plow of the sun,
I would pray God to guard them in evil,
But the world is still, and the love on my face,
Ah! a world may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The two are still, and the red;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
When I think of the path steep and stony,
When the host of the stars enter'd me,
Or when the tempest of Fan blowing with
Of those that rest on earth so holy,
The world is still, and the love on my face,
They are like a host of angels in their robes;

They are angels of God in their robes;

They sing all sleep in their robes,

O their songs from home and from heaven,

They have made me more and more mild;

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I work for it this dear year,
All radiant, as others have done,
But the world is still, and the love on my face.

Our Story-Teller.

COUSIN JONATHAN.

Before a bright fire, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, two personages one evening—a young and very lovely girl, with many glances and smiles. She was dressed in something soft and white, that floated round like mist; and in her soft hair was nestled a half-blown rose.

Her companion was a man, past the prime of young manhood, and of a very commanding appearance. His presence gave that of awkwardness only. Short and ungroomed, yet powerfully made, with features far from regular, it would be difficult to describe him as other than a plain man, of some brawny and forty years of age. Yet he was a man—a voice of wonderful richness and depth; soft and gentle, too, when speaking to his fair companion.

"I hope you will enjoy it as much as you expect, Alice."

"I hope I shall; but, cousin, why are you not going with me?"

"You will not miss me, and I have letters to write this evening. Besides what should an old fellow like me do at a ball?"

Alied turned round and gave him a saucy little look out of her brown eyes.

"I am your cousin, you are, Cousin Jonathan."

At that moment a tall, handsomely looking old gentleman entered the room, evidently enjoying some joke, much to his own satisfaction. He carried a parcel in his hand.

"See! Miss Alice, here's a queer sort of a thing come for you. Can you imagine what it is? I'm sure I can't."

She unfolded the silver paper, and brought to light a exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely! But who can send them to you?"

She took it up, and read aloud: "With Captain Ray's compliments."

"Very polite—very proper—very kind," said her mother, reading the note very much so indeed.

Jonathan moved a step, and gave his father a look.

Mr. Braybrooke took his daughter's hand, and turning her deliberately round, examined her with great apparent satisfaction.

"Not am I, is it, Jonathan?" said he, appealing to their common.

That evening he was reading a letter, and, looking up for a moment, replied—"certainly not, sir."

He bent over the paper again, but any one near might have seen it tremble in his hand.

Alied turned round, and drew up her slender figure to write.

"Pay, paper, do you ask Mr. Waring to admire you? You disturb him from his letter; and, besides—I'm sure it doesn't. I don't."

"My opinion can be of no value," said her mother, with an air of indifference.

"Not am I, am I, Jonathan?" said Mr. Braybrooke, as he thought his lip quiver; "these old bachelors always are cross and ill-tempered."

"The carriage is at the door," cried the footman, entering very opportunity.

Mr. Braybrooke left the room, and Alice's maid came in with a warm white and cherry-colored silk.

"Good night," said the little lady. Then this charming affair was properly put on, and a black lace veil was thrown over her head.

Mr. Waring looked up. She stood beside him, and he took it, saying—

"Good night; I hope your 'first ball' will be a merry one, Alice."

The hand lingered in his, and Jonathan—

He interrupted quickly, and blushed heavily.

"I am so—so—so—"

She was away suddenly, but turning at the door to my "Good night" once more, he fancied he saw tears glimmering through the shadowy black veil over her face.

He started to his feet; but a thought seemed to strike him, and he sat down to his paper again, muttering—"She'll make me a fool of myself, whether I will or no, with those pleading eyes."

"Pshaw! a man at my age—ridiculous!" And with the pen his father had given him, he wrote.

Mr. Braybrooke had still been busily at work. One or two o'clock struck. There was a sound of bustle in the hall below. He heard Alice's clear, ringing laugh—that laugh that was like no other. He heard Mr. Braybrooke's hearty voice, and another—a voice he did not know.

Alied was leaning young man is uniform.

"Morning, Captain Ray," said Mr. Braybrooke; and then the three began to talk over the hall, and apparently forgot the very existence of the writer at the sofa-table.

Mr. Waring's heart grew full of bitterness. Alice glanced once towards him, saw him pale, and with compressed lips.

Her eyes grew brighter, her laugh more joyous; Captain Ray thought her each moment more and more attractive.

Refreshments were brought in, and soon after the Captain took leave—not, however, before he had promised to call on the morrow, and bring Alice a book he felt quite sure she would like.

"I am so sorry for you, and Alice, as Mr. Waring is leaving the room, better in hand; he took it, saying—

"Good night."

She sat on the stairs half-way, then turned and ran down stairs again.

"Cousin Jonathan, will you tell me if you think I look nice to-night? Really, I mean—"

"You look just as usual."

"Many people told me I—"

"Look, Alice, you are as plump as others told you so, there is all the less need for me to do it. Now, good-night. Go up stairs: you will be quite out to-morrow if you do not."

"Alice, you are her own room, wretchedly."

"She wants to guard you from yourself," whispered pride.

Some weeks had passed away since Alice's first ball. It was the height of the season; and all the beautiful, more was more advanced, some of gaiety to another, more, Alice Braybrooke. People did say it was a "bit of a fire,"—and perhaps people were not very far wrong. The "legion" was a "legion," was a "bit of a fire,"—and apparently enjoyed their admiration to no small end.

Sometimes that quiet Mr. Waring's was well with herself and her father, but not often. No one took much notice of him, and he did not keep with those who were most popular. He was supposed to be a "bit of a fire,"—and perhaps people were not very far wrong. The "legion" was a "legion," was a "bit of a fire,"—and apparently enjoyed their admiration to no small end.

Alied was very fond of him, and shuns him.

"Alice, you are to be near, with a kind word of warning, or her heart ready to piton."

"Alice, she is to be near, and shuns him."

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